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Published October Third

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"A United America."

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LIFE



LIFE'S REPRODUCTIONS OF AMERICAN OLD MASTERS

(From the National Catalog, by permission of the National Portrait Gallery. For the Year 2000 A. D. No. 13.)

This vivid masterpiece has for American subjects many sad memories. It is the virile reproduction of a man born to claim great things, in politics or as a press agent. It is believed that he followed the sea. His last words at Santiago were, "Don't give up the glory."

Modern Examples.

A MILLINER has on hand 200 ladies' hats, that cost her 50 cents each, including material. 50 of her customers buy 75 hats at \$50 each, 50 more buy 75 at \$35 each, and from these, hats to the cost value of \$24 are returned, after which she has a sale and disposes of what she has left for \$100. Does she lose money by the transaction, and if so, how much?

In a district containing 200 square miles, at the beginning of a year there are 4,000 pensioners, drawing an average of \$20 per month, and at the end of the year there are 4,560 pensioners, drawing an average of \$22.64 per month. At this rate of increase, how long will it take to people an area of 2,000 miles square entirely with pensioners, and at what expense?

Two persons, a man and his wife, start out to give a dinner, and both together make out a list of 88 guests to invite. But afterwards the wife crosses out from her husband's list as many names as half her own list and 10 more, and then goes over it again, and from what is left crosses out half the remainder and 3 more. How many people will her husband actually invite?



LIFE'S REPRODUCTIONS OF AMERICAN OLD MASTERS

(By permission; from the Catalog of the National Portrait Gallery. No. 00.)

This remarkable painting, after a great deal of battering, was finally secured by the National Gallery. It represents a grandly heroic character by the name of Jeffries, who, in a Delsartean Test in the principality of Coney, pounded the head off of a person from Australia. After having settled this dispute he very judiciously refused further entanglements of the kind, thus retaining his title (which was not hereditary) to the ripe old age of 25. He was one of the principal members of the Kinetoscope Trust.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON WITH NINE LIVES.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. OCT. 3, 1901. No. 987.
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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has published his intention of being, in so far as may be, President McKinley's political executor as well as his successor.

There is to be no change of policy, he says, but what was planned will be carried out in so far as its accomplishment lies in him, and he has rehearsed categorically the declared intentions of his predecessor which

it will be his effort to carry through. We read in the sacred writing that when the cloak of the Tishbite descended to Elisha, his first use of it was to smite Jordan and divide its waters. To smite our Jordan and let the waters through it is one of the inherited policies to which President Roosevelt has specifically committed himself. The analogy is engaging. Our Jordan is the narrow ridge that separates Atlantic from Pacific. Whoever of us lives to see it divided, is likely to see the memory of McKinley and his administration intimately associated with the work.

In retaining the Cabinet unbroken President Roosevelt has done what seems very wise in itself, and has greatly pleased and reassured the country. It is a strong Cabinet. Its members are experienced in their respective duties and have the confidence of the people, and some of the strongest of them are personally as

close to Mr. Roosevelt as they were to their late chief, and so all seems to be going well. The young President gives every sign of being old for his years, discreet, conservative and sound of heart. The Presidency in time past has sometimes wonderfully rounded out and perfected character. Its burdens have strengthened and purified most good men who have borne them. They are consecrating burdens to any man who has possibilities of consecration in him, and Roosevelt has such possibilities in abundance. Every one's hopes for him are high. Every one's wishes are for his success. The prayers of the prayerful are going up for him everywhere. Stocks have been going up too. That may not be spiritually helpful, but it is significant of the return of confidence.



THE duty of disciplining persons who have expressed satisfaction or indifference at the shooting of the late President has been thoroughly performed all over the country. Zeal in its performance seemed in some instances to exceed discretion, yet no cases are recorded where indignation carried a mob to extreme lengths. That is a thing to be thankful for, for the men who supposed themselves to be pleased at the assassination were doubtless, in most cases, foolish persons, who failed to get the true bearings of the crime, and had not gumption or natural decency enough to restrain them from untimely and scandalous words. Senator Wellington, who ought to have known better, having suffered from his lack of feeling and his bad temper, has explained that he was misquoted by the newspapers, and that what he really said was not so bad as the language imputed to him. One community seems to have been led into rather ludicrous indiscretion in its zeal to honor the dead President's memory, and that is the town of Falmouth in Massachusetts, which is the summer home of Mr. Richard Olney. It seems, according to a story printed in the *Sun*, that Mr. Olney had a coachman named Conway, who was accused of saying, when the President was first shot, that it was "a good thing." That naturally scandalized the Falmouth people, and

complaint was made to Mr. Olney. It was announced later that Conway had been discharged, but Falmouth was still unsatisfied and the thoughts of the citizens turned longingly to tar and feathers. A crowd eventually gathered to fix Conway, but not being able to find him, marched to Mr. Olney's house, sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and tried to see Mr. Olney. But no one seemed to be at home, and the crowd, marching back to the village, held an indignation meeting, and voted that "the course pursued by the Hon. Richard Olney is an insult to American citizenship." Heaven knows what the Falmouth folks wanted Mr. Olney to do, but it looks as if he had been twice unlucky—in having a fool for hired man, and for having a lot of geese for neighbors.



PUBLIC sentiment generally towards Buffalo is very sympathetic. The assassination was especially calamitous to Buffalo. The shock was felt there in its fullest force. It brought crushing burdens of care on men who were very heavy-laden already, and it checked at a critical time the prosperity of the Pan-American. But Buffalo has stood up bravely under affliction. What could be done it did promptly and perfectly. It showed good feeling, good taste and good discipline, and seemed, like the rest of the country, to have no thought for the time being except for its wounded guest.

There is a month left to the Pan-American. Here's hoping it may be by far the best month the show has seen.

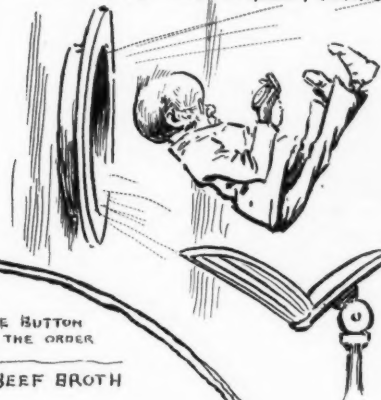


THE most important duty before any part of this country at this writing is to elect an Anti-Tammany Mayor in New York. Tammany and its administration is perfectly understood and appreciated. It has had one term of plunder and demoralization. If it wins again it will go on with restored confidence and plunder and demoralize worse than ever. To turn Tammany out is a duty the voters of New York owe to themselves, the nation and to public decency.

"I HAVEN'T TIME FOR BREAKFAST
THOMAS I FEAR I'M LATE AS IT IS
I'LL EAT AT THE OFFICE."



2 "TWO SECONDS LATE AGAIN, 'CONFOUND IT'"



4 LITERATURE OCCUPIES
HIS EVENINGS AT HOME



5 THEN A SHORT
PRAYER TO THE
GOD OF HIS BEING
BEFORE RETIRING.



6 SICKNESS MUST NOT INTERFERE
WITH BUSINESS



7 FINIS

THE LIFE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN.

To the Sister of My Soul.

AH, Little Sister of my Soul,
For whom my songs were sung,
Your eyes demanded daily toll
Of my poor rhyming tongue!
I looked within their depths of brown
To see the love-light shine.
I braved the laughter of the town
To be your valentine.
How foolish now our quarrel seems!
('Twas all my fault, I know.)
But lovers cannot dine on dreams,
And poets are so slow.

And are you really older grown?
Your curls are silver now?
Your voice has a sedate tone?
A slander, I'll avow!
Your face is printed on my heart,
Where only one may see,
And hourly, as I dream apart,
It dearer seems to me!
I hold you in my heart's control—
Forever fair and young,
Ah, Little Sister of my Soul,
For whom my songs are sung!

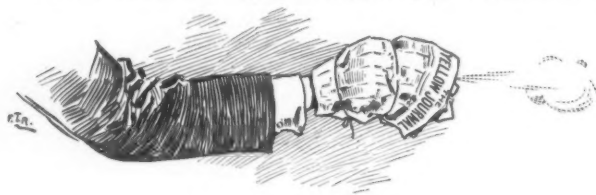
Ernest Neal Lyon.



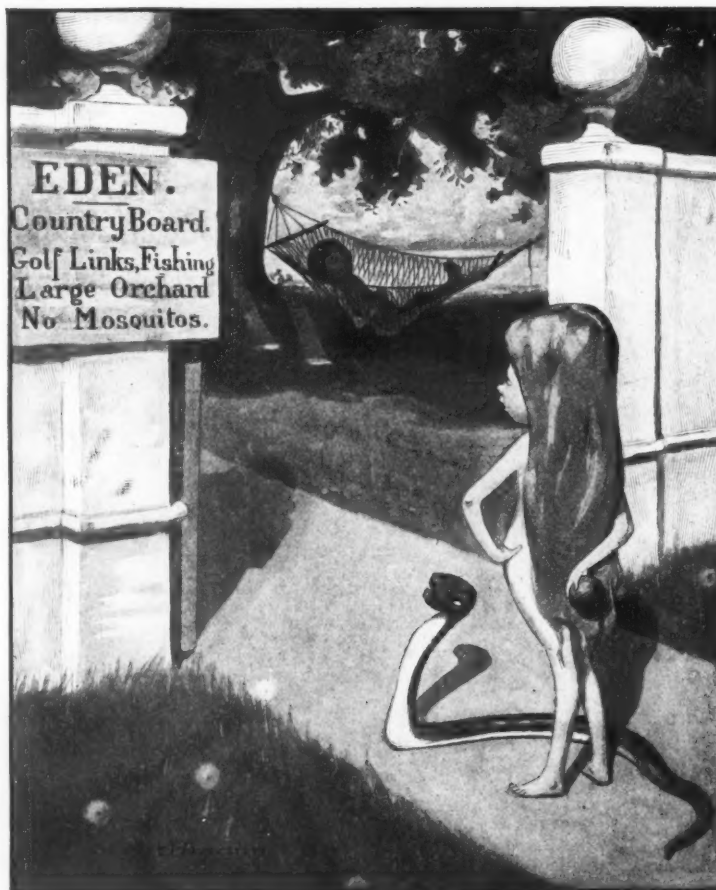
The Death of the Gods, by the Russian author Dmitri Merejkowski, pictures the strife between the Hellenic and the Christian philosophies during the life of Julian the Apostate. The author's methods are all his own. Hundreds of characters and scores of tableaux from every section of the Roman world, in all but disconnected sequence, unite to form a vivid portrayal of his conception of the times. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Justin McCarthy's novel, *Mononia*, is made attractive chiefly by the ever-pleasant style of the author. Occasional chapters give artistic glimpses of Irish social life fifty years ago, but, on the whole, the story drags. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.)

Rather an amusing dog story, "told by a dog for lovers of dogs," is Stephen Townesend's *A Thoroughbred Mongrel*.



"WAS IT A HANDKERCHIEF?"



Eee: LOOKS LIKE A NICE ENOUGH PLACE, THOUGH THERE SEEMS TO BE THE USUAL SCARCITY OF MEN. HOWEVER, GUESS I'LL MANAGE TO AMUSE MYSELF.

The disreputable character who plays the title rôle is an awful example in the canine world. (Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.)

Basil Marnan has marred a good piece of work in *A Daughter of the Veldt* by a coarse sensualism as superfluous as it is repulsive. A little good taste added to this author's other gifts would make a strong combination. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Matilde Serra's *The Land of Cockayne* is a masterly picture of the gambling pas-

sion aroused in every section of Neapolitan life by the influence of the lottery. It is eminently worth reading. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

It is a long time since we have been afflicted by a novel in verse, and we hope that Mabel Dibble Taylor's *My Lady Isobel* will not start the fashion. It is a touching tale of feudal days and is written in very blank verse. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

The Autocrats, by Charles K. Lush, describes the franchise-grabbing career of a Western street-railway magnate. The story is semi-sensational in treatment and extremely improbable in its conclusion. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.) J. B. Kerfoot.



Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,292.26
R. T. H., Southampton.....	5.00
K. F.....	5.00
Chas. and Henry Russell, and Grace Coffin, Onteora, N. Y.....	2.60
	\$8,304.86

A Test of Morality.

THE coyness of the Metropolitan Museum's attitude towards looted treasures of Chinese art affords matter for contemplation. Mankind has changed wonderfully little in the past thousand years.

We are so used to being told in glowing periods that we are better than our benighted forefathers, that we

THE EVERLASTING STORY.

have grown to look upon the civilized world as a vast "village improvement society," actively occupied in good deeds. "Higher standard of morality" is the phrase we hear oftenest. It is held to imply something agreeable about ourselves—something a trifle vague, but gratifying; something to be repeated insistently, and explained as seldom as possible.

Yet ever since man began to steal his fellow-man's possessions—which was as soon as there were any possessions to steal—he has betrayed an instinctive desire to right himself

by giving part of them away. This amiable weakness has been encouraged throughout the ages, and its fruits may be seen in many fair churches and convents that still adorn the land; also in ancient almshouses, and in the foundations of venerated universities.

The princely freebooters of old sought, by these benefactions, to buy their peace with Heaven. Their unprincely successors to-day seek to buy back the forfeited respect of the community. When some fine pillaging old Norman had ravaged a province, he devoted a portion of his spoils to building an abbey; and his edified neighbors—even those who had contribu-

ted indirectly to the pious work—said, "This is a godly man." When a gifted financier in our own time has stolen ten millions from the people, he gives one million to a museum, a college, or a library; and his enraptured fellow-citizens—who have unconsciously and unwillingly subscribed the money—say, "This is a public benefactor." Meanwhile both press and pulpit enthusiastically assert our higher standard of morality.

Even in the matter of self-delusion, there has been little change. The Norman baron believed with devoutness that Our Lady interested herself personally in his conquests. The Puritan soldier unhesitatingly assigned to the Almighty all the credit for the massacre of a garrison. The modern Englishman refers with admirable complacency to the God of Battles. The American clergyman alludes to "our glorious efforts in the Philippines." The pious German Emperor feels that he is an instrument in the hand of Providence. The missionary's wife has no disturbing doubts when a few Chinese porcelains come her way. The personal standard of morality can still bear elevating. The public standard is something which allows to institutions a license denied to pawnbrokers. If no looted Chinese treasures find their way into any American home, our personal standard is high. If they are excluded from all American museums and libraries, our public standard is a dazzling one.

Agnes Repplier.



"SPEAK THE SPEECH, I PRAY YOU, AS I PRONOUNCED IT TO YOU, TRIPPINGLY ON THE TONGUE, BUT IF YOU MOUTH IT—"



Honor.

"WHY not honor the poet while he is living? Why wait until he is dead before organizing clubs to find out what he means?"

"Well, I suppose the longer we wait, the less likely we are to find out."

It Has.

JOHN SMITH, OF MARS: Tesla seems to be very sanguine that he will be successful in communicating with the people of the Earth.

WILLIAM JONES, OF MARS: I wonder if the Earth has a Tesla, too?



TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Christian Scientists can take a joke as well as any other group of people. They have never yet been accused of being a morose or a sour set of citizens, and this encourages me to ask you for a little space to correct an entirely wrong impression, which is conveyed by a travesty on Christian Science in a recent number of LIFE.

For example, nobody who associates with Christian Scientists would recognize one of them in the following description: "A weak-eyed, small-chinned individual, with woolly side-whiskers." Christian Scientists do not look like that, or if they start being Christian Scientists in this guise, they do not continue in it; nor do Christian Scientists permit "small children to die in agony," any more than any other group of Christians. Such accusations must not be made, even in fun.

Christian Scientists apply the treatment which experience has taught them is the one most likely to produce the best results. They do not use drugs, but turn at once to the spiritual realization which was used, not only by the Master himself, but also by His disciples, the apostles and the early Christians, and the very small number of their failures proves that they make a wise choice.

Medicine is not an exact science, and no reputable physician claims that it is. Dr. Goodheart, speaking before the British Medical Association recently, said: "All treatment by drugs is more or less of an experiment. That we cannot help. So long as one man differs from another, it must be so."

If the writer of this travesty has been influenced by the newspaper reports of the occasional failures of Christian Scientists, let him turn over the page and read the long lists in the obituary columns, which are not noticed because they are regular.

The references to Mrs. Eddy are not in good taste. When it is remembered that hundreds of thousands of men and women owe their health and happiness to her, all disrespectful remarks should be hushed, in a full sense of appreciation for the tremendous work she has accomplished.

Yours truly,

W. D. McCrackan.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1901.

Dear LIFE: It is a matter of regret and surprise that you should in your last number (page 143) countenance and even applaud the hideous practice of—lynching!

In your article, "Let's Keep It Up," you express yourself as highly gratified that a driver who beat his poor, overladen horse without mercy received "a first-class hammering" at the hands of the bystanders, before being taken in hand by the police. "It was a good crowd," you remark; in other words, the crowd was fully justified in taking matters into its own hands and in thus anticipating or supplementing the result of the legal sentence. The plea that the inhuman brute of a driver "got his deserts" is exactly the same by which a Southern mob justifies the hanging or roasting of an offending negro.

Far be it from me to extenuate the revolting cruelty of that driver, and I trust that, if the present beneficent laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals prove to be too lenient, they will be amended and made more stringent. But two wrongs do not make one right. On the one side we have a low, heartless fellow maltreating a poor dumb animal; on the other, a whole "crowd" of bystanders, who, being justly indignant at the conduct of that brutal man, copy his example and inflict "a first-class hammering" upon him. What is this but a species of lynching? The principle is the same—there is only a difference in degree.

The bystanders, though naturally incensed at seeing the poor animal so shamefully abused, could, and should, have protected the innocent victim of the driver's wrath by peaceful means—by simply restraining the latter from continuing his blows—until a policeman could be summoned from the next corner. Instead of that, they took at once the law into their own hands and inflicted what they considered a proper punishment, thus assuming the functions which, in civilized communities, belong to the courts of justice. In short, that driver should have been arrested and handed over to the police for legal trial and conviction, but he should not have been mobbed by an irresponsible crowd.

"That was a good crowd" you remark at the close of your article. My reply is that no crowd ever was, or will be, good enough to administer justice.

It is my earnest hope that those practices



"LIZZIE, DOES YO' HAB DAT JOYFUL FEELIN' IN YO' BONES DAT'S ALWAYS DE FORERUNNER OF 'POSSUM FOR DINNER?"

"UM. I NEVER BELIEVES WE'S GWINE TER HAVE 'POSSUM TILL I HAB DAT JOYFUL FEELIN' IN MY STOMACH WHICH IS DE AFTER RUNNER OF HABING HAD HIM."

of "good crowds" will *not* be kept up, for, if they should be, his Satanic Majesty, who is now sojourning in your city (as per your capital illustration on page 145), will surely make it his permanent home.

Yours sincerely, F. H.
STOCKBRIDGE (CASINO), MASS.,
Aug. 26, 1901.

WE go abroad and acquire suave manners, only to have these confiscated in the custom house, upon our return.

A Contrast.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: Has it escaped your attention that Charles Frohman closed his London Theatre—the Duke of York's—on the night of Queen Victoria's death, while *all* of his theatres were open, here and elsewhere, on Saturday when President McKinley died—*murdered*? *Verb. sap. sat.* You have waged a just war against theatrical abuses. Try again. NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1901.

Our correspondent should remember that the Theatrical Trust has not yet secured in England the control of

theatrical affairs it exerts here. On that account, in London it had to subordinate its greed for dollars to a decent regard for public opinion.

In refreshing contrast to the Syndicate's conduct in keeping its theatres open the evening President McKinley died was the creditable action of the other managers who closed their houses at very heavy pecuniary loss to themselves. Especially praiseworthy was the action of Mr. James K. Hackett, and Mrs. Theodore Moss, the present proprietor of Wallack's Theatre. On receipt of the news of the President's death the house was closed at once and kept closed until after the funeral, involving the loss of an entire week's receipts. It goes without saying that Mr. Hackett is an American and not under the control of the Theatrical Trust.

As Usual.

MRS. VON BLUMER: That cook was the worst thing I ever had in my house.

VON BLUMER: Yes, you acted as if you didn't like her.

"I couldn't help it. Why, it was all I could do to write her out a good recommendation."



SKETCHED AT THE DUBLIN BENCH SHOW
AN IRISH TERRIER.



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WITHOUT PRICE.
LITTLE MILLIONAIRE STUBBINS WOULD GIVE A KING'S RANSOM FOR THAT TRIN



WITHOUT PRICE.

NSON FOR THAT TRINKET, BUT IT GOES TO JONES, WHO ISN'T WORTH A PENNY.



Imported and Domestic.

LATEST, but not by any means best, in the cycle of musical plays London has been sending to this country for the past few years, is "The Messenger Boy." Its English authors, of whom there are several as usual, take it for granted that we are fully conversant with all things British, and on this account considerable of what might be funny in London falls flat here. If, for instance, the American public were as familiar as the British with *Capt. Kettle*, the hero of Cunliffe Hine's stories, which have been so popular in England, there would have been considerable more interest in Mr. Kelly's *Capt. Pott*, a clever caricature of the redoubtable *Kettle*. As it was, Mr. Kelly did well, especially in the matter of eccentric dancing, but his performance lost much of its interest owing to the audience's ignorance of what many of his allusions meant. The title part is assigned to Mr. James T. Powers. It gives him some opportunity, although he will doubtless make more of it later on when he gets shaken down into it. May Robson was very funny both in make-up and interpretation, but the American audience is little familiar with the type of Englishwoman she represents, and her excellent work does not get the credit it deserves. The rest of the cast is not conspicuous, except Miss Jobyna Howland, for her eccentric name and extreme height, and a certain Flora Zabelle—hitherto and hereafter unknown to fame—for her absolute failure to get anything out of the "Maisy" song, which is intended to be the popular musical feature of the piece. The stage-setting and costuming are quite adequate.

"The Messenger Boy" has more plot than is usually allotted to these English compositions, although its music is not by any means up to the standard of its successful predecessors like "The Runaway Girl," "The Circus Girl," and "San Toy." Its fun could be increased with profit to the entire performance, but "The Messenger Boy" serves to pass an evening, if one is not too exacting.

THE Castle Square Opera Company has resumed its educational work for a brief season and, not handicapped by the immensity of the Metropolitan Opera House, the abilities of its members show to much

better advantage than last year. The patronage at the Broadway indicates that this company holds a permanent place in the affections of New Yorkers.

THIS year's crop of new stars has been a generous one, if we can believe the advertisements put out by theatrical managers. The unfortunate part of it, for managers, is that advertising doesn't really make a star. Quite a number of fools go to theatres, and a good many of them believe what managers say in their paid advertisements. These fools also believe what managers who pay for advertising get the daily newspapers to say concerning their so-called stars. The only real star that has appeared on the stage horizon this year is David Warfield,



JAMES T. POWERS AS TOMMY BANG.

The man has genius and has shown it in a very ordinary play entitled "The Auctioneer." There is little sympathy here in America for the Jew. He has contaminated everything in American life that he has touched. But Warfield has made the stage Jew not simply a thing to be laughed at, but a human being to be laughed with and wept with. Outside of Mr. Warfield's artistic performance, there is nothing to be noted about "The Auctioneer."

IT is a crime and an outrage that the Bijou Theatre should be open as a place of public entertainment. The building may comply technically with the re-

quirements of the law—and this is doubtful—but it is a fact that if a panic should occur in the place, whether from an alarm of fire or any other cause, there would be a tremendous loss of life. It makes no difference who is responsible for the existence of the place—be it Tammany Hall or the Republican party, Chief Devery or Senator Platt—it is a disgrace and a shame that the confiding people of New York City and their guests within the walls should be permitted to have ready access to such a death-trap.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Arizona," an excellent border drama, produced with spectacular military effects.

Broadway.—Castle Square Opera Company giving adequate performances of grand opera in English, at reasonable prices.

Bijou.—David Warfield in "The Auctioneer." See above.

Daly's.—"The Messenger Boy." See above.

Herald Square.—Andrew Mack singing and acting in Irish drama, "Tom Moore." Romantic and well done.

Garrick.—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," with Ethel Barrymore. Amusing and interesting.

Garden.—"Richard Lovelace" is interesting and gives ample opportunity for Mr. E. H. Sothern's expert love-making.

Empire.—"The Second in Command," with Mr. John Drew in the star part. Clean, clever and well presented.

Knickerbocker.—Vaudeville sketch, "The Rogers Brothers in Washington." Very light and moderately funny.

Lyceum.—"The Forest Lovers." Dramatized novel. Well acted and artistically staged.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Miranda of the Balcony." Notice later.

Madison Square.—"Liberty Belles." Notice later.

Wallack's.—"Don Cesar's Return," with James K. Hackett as "Don Cesar." Heroic melodrama. Worth seeing.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Show not up to last season's. Prices are.

Easy.

BILKINS: The doctor says I have only a year to live. Ah! If I could only lengthen that year out into a respectable lifetime.

CALLTON: Why don't you move to Brooklyn?

The Guyed Guide.

THE guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder every one guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.



CAUSE FOR GRIEVANCE.

"WHEN YOU REFUSED ME, YOU PROMISED ALWAYS TO BE MY FRIEND, AND NOW YOU ARE AS COLD AS AN ICEBERG."
"BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GOING TO STOP PROPOSING."

A Mission Sale.

COME, all you zealous Christians,
And hasten to my sale,
I've precious loot from China;
To please it cannot fail.

There's many a golden salver,
And many a silver bowl,
And lots of heathen trinkets
The missionaries stole.

It may be many summers
Before, as Faith's ripe fruit,
Fate sends the missionaries
Another chance to loot.

Come buy some rich memento,
And help the cause along.
For, if we spoil the heathen,
To loot is never wrong.

C. C. Starkweather.

A Modern Love Story.



"I LOVE YOU!"

This is the only way to begin a love story. Long-winded descriptions of the hero and heroine, or ornate accounts of what the landscape looked like, whether it snowed, hailed, rained, and which way the wind blew, were all well enough once, but the time has gone by for that. What we crave now is action, and something left to the imagination. So that when Pellington Piker said what he did say in our brilliant opening, he wasted no further words, but clasped to his clerkly breast the rich heiress whom two weeks before he had met at Dune-Dune-by-the-Sea, and whom he had tracked to her house—or rather palace—on upper Fifth Avenue.

"I know it," said Mildred Goldbonds, as she yielded swiftly to his loving embrace, "and I love you, but what are we to do? You are too poor even to think of supporting yourself in the style to which I have been accustomed, while I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and of course there is a wide gulf between us, and papa would scorn you, I know. But stay! I have an idea. He is even now in the next room, talking stocks. I will listen, and find out what is going up. Papa, as you know, is the head of eight railroad systems, and knows all about it. Do not move until I return."

It seemed hours to Pellington Piker, as he sat with his feet on the eight-thousand-dollar rug and waited, but in reality it was only ten minutes before the girl he loved threw herself once more into his arms.

"Darling," she cried, "we are saved! Can you raise any money for margin?"

"I can mortgage my salary for two years ahead," said Pellington. "That will be a thousand dollars."



OF THE RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR.
THERE ONCE WAS A RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR,
WHO SCORCHED WITH A WHIZZ AND A WHIR,
TILL ONE DAY IN HIS "MOBE"
HE SCORCHED CLEAN OFF THE GLOBE,
SO THE REST WE'RE OBLIGED TO DEFER.

"Splendid!" replied Mildred. "I heard papa say that to-morrow they will push up Pumpkin Consolidated one hundred points. He said it was a snap, and the chance of a lifetime. We are saved!"

* * *

THE next night at the same hour, Pellington Piker stood in the same room. But what a change was there, from the hopeful young man who had left her, to this pale, emaciated creature who took both of her hands in his and sobbed even as he spoke.

"It's all over, darling," he said. "I mortgaged my salary, pawned my few effects, borrowed all the little wealth of my aged mother, and put it in Pumpkin Consolidated, which dropped 200 points in two hours. I am ruined!"

At this moment Mildred's father entered the room.

"What's this I hear about Pumpkin Consolidated?" he said. "You haven't been playing that game, have you?"

His daughter, with tears in her eyes, confessed all. "It was our only chance to get married, papa dear," she said, "as I knew you would never consent to a poor man.

And I overheard what you said last night."

Her father smiled grimly.

"Why, I only did that," he said, "to get rid of my butler. He was getting too fresh on the tips he had heard from me and the money he had made, and I fired that off last night about Pumpkin Consolidated when he was around just to get rid of him. And to think you should have heard it! Ha! I said Pumpkin was going up. Poor fellow! How you must have been soaked."

"I lost everything," said Pellington Piker, bravely trying to smile.

"Never mind!" said the old man. "It was my fault, and I ought to make it up to you. Even a railroad magnate has a conscience. Be my office boy for six months and keep your ears open, and then you will be rich enough to marry my daughter."

All's well that ends well.

Tom Masson.

A Hopeless Case.

"ARE the Guggletons in such reduced circumstances?"

"Oh, yes. Why, I understand they are obliged now to live within their income."



THE GRAND PREHISTORIC "FREE-FOR-ALL," "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" STEEPLECHASE.—From LIFE's Collection of Rare Sporting Prints.

A Disturbing Thought.



"I SUPPOSE it's all true," she said.

"You seem very credulous," he replied.

"But it sounded true."

"That's not a good reason. She couldn't have been original."

"She wasn't, of course. But, somehow, her words carried conviction with

them, and—well, I've heard such things before. Besides, she described you perfectly."

He laughed.

"That's not so difficult. I'm not so unlike a lot of other men."

"But she might have made a mistake."

"Ah, but she didn't. How did you come to go to her?"

"I don't know. I heard of her, and I wanted to know."

"As if a fortune teller could tell you!"

"But she did!"

"What did she say?"

She sighed.

"I suppose it's true," she replied, half to herself. "I've heard of such things. Why, she said——"

"That you would be very happy."

"No, sir! She was more candid than that."

"Well, go on."

"She said that after we were married——"

"You and I?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'm glad *that's* all right."

"She said—Oh, everything!"

"How definite! Can't you tell me?"

"She said we'd get tired of each other."

"That's interesting."

"But she didn't put it in quite that way. Now, I'll try to tell you. Are you listening? It's very important."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, she said we would lose interest in each other. You would get tired of the things I said, and I'd be resigned, just because I had to be. You'd take to clubs

and horses and—well, other things. And I'd have a whole garden of fads—she didn't put it quite that way, you know, she wasn't educated enough for that, but that's what she meant. Then we'd gradually fall apart, and—Oh, I don't know! It was horrid!"

"And do you mean to tell me, my dear, that the idle talk of a fortune teller has upset you?"

"I didn't say it had."

"But you didn't need to say so. You showed it."

"Nonsense! It isn't that. I didn't mind *that*. It was something else."

"Ah, she told you something else. Out with it! What, pray?"

"Why, my dear, she said we wouldn't be married for a whole year!"

The Rub.

A BROAD, the American had acquired much self-respect.

"But can I get it through the New York Custom House?" he mused, anxiously, standing on the deck of the steamer, homeward bound.



THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were all pulled down
As onward hustled through the town
A youth who bore where breezes stirred
A pennant with the single word,
"Commercialism!"

His brow was moist; his eye below
Gleamed with a dull and smold'ring glow,
And like a cracked and ancient bell
Arose his queer, defiant yell,
"Commercialism!"

"Oh, wait!" the pastor hailed the youth,
"And humbly learn eternal truth."
"I'll think of that," the boy replied,
"When I have turned the golden tide.
"Commercialism!"

"Oh, come to school!" the master said,
"And fill with lore your youthful head."
The boy yelled back, as on he raced,
"Old man, I have no years to waste,
"Commercialism!"

"Oh, stay!" the maiden softly cried,
"And I will be your loving bride."
The youth called back with scornful smile,
"Just wait until I've made my pile,
"Commercialism!"

Then cried the sage, "Beware the joys
That link themselves to golden toys!"
"Bah!" cried the youth, "you do but jest!
I've linked my life unto this quest.
"Commercialism!"

One day they found him dead and cold
Beside his chests of worshipped gold;
And on the breeze that round him moaned
They heard that fateful word intoned,
"Commercialism!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MAJOR and surgeon of the army stationed in the Philippines writes us that recently, when the chief nurse of a small base hospital in Southern Luzon was sent away, there was a great struggle among the five nurses remaining for the vacant position, which meant a distinct increase in pay. Each one of the five came to the office of the surgeon in charge, to show cause why she should be appointed chief nurse, and why none of the others was entitled to that distinction. The young Solomon in charge was "up against it"; but gave the following decision: "Each one of you must write on a piece of paper her exact age, and send it sealed to me. The oldest woman will be made chief nurse." There is still a vacancy as chief nurse in a small base hospital in Southern Luzon.—Argonaut.

ONE of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford don, whose "scholarly abstraction" frequently landed him in difficulties.

Dining out one night, he suddenly became immersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left-hand neighbor, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hands on the table, palm down and fingers closed.

Suddenly the professor awoke from his brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw resting to the left of his plate, and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked:

"My bread, I think!"—Exchange.

IN the heyday of the glory and power of the late Ward McAllister, the leader of New York society, he was a slave to conventions. Like most young conservatives, he grew liberal with years. When his brother, the late Hall McAllister, came to visit him from San Francisco, he looked upon it as an affliction of a country relative. Hall was developed here, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had something of the Western breeziness in his manner that distressed his brother, the New York society leader.

Ward asked Hall if he would please wear a silk hat, frock coat and gloves.

"No," said Hall, "you attend to all that nonsense for me. I am too old to change. Let me go my own way."

Hall had the habit of shaking hands with ladies upon making new acquaintances. This especially distressed his brother.

"It is very bad taste to offer your hand to a lady," explained Ward. "Don't do it, Hall."

Finally Ward introduced Hall to Mrs. Astor, and she cordially offered him her hand.

"No, madam," said Hall. "I should like very much to shake hands with you, but I can't. My brother Ward says I mustn't."—News-Letter.

"Ah," he said to himself, as he finished the last paragraph of his magazine article, "I think the world will have cause to thank me for this. In these pages I have worked out a reasonable solution of the servant-girl problem. After this there can be no—"

"Henry," his wife cried, as she rushed excitedly into his room, "Hannah has just notified me that she's going to leave, and here we have the Buchanans coming from New York next week. What on earth shall we do?"

He fell back helpless in his chair and gave it up.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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This issue will contain, in addition to MR. GIBSON's regular work (which appears only in LIFE), sketches by C. ALLAN GILBERT, T. K. HANNA, JR., WM. H. WALKER, E. W. KEMBLE, W. L. JACOBS, BAYARD JONES, and many other artists, whose work in the past has assisted in making LIFE a success.

The array of contributors in this special number of LIFE will not be equaled by any periodical in the world. Among many others may be mentioned E. S. MARTIN, AGNES REPPLIER, JAS S. METCALFE, TOM MASSON, MADELINE S. BRIDGES, THEODOSIA GARRISON, and CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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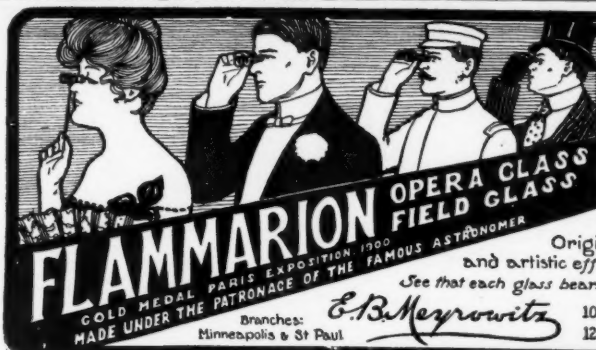
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THE SNAP SHOT.

— Le Rive.



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TEACHER: What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round?

BRIGHT BOY: Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square."—*Boston Transcript*.

"ALL of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of her small pupils.

"Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie, "is it a lie if nobuddy finds it out?"—*Ohio State Journal*.

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MR. IRVING BACHELLEN'S "D'ri and I" (The Lothrop Publishing Company) reminds us of a story.

Once upon a time a little girl was allowed to take dinner with her elders for the first time. She had never tasted asparagus, and when some was placed before her she inspected it with considerable curiosity. After turning the stalks over gingerly with her fork, she pushed the plate away with a decided air. When asked what was the matter, she replied: "I don't like it. One end of it is raw and the other end rotten."—*New York Evening Sun*.

MY DEAR BOY

If you have the blues, order a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. It is exquisite.

"WHAT is a conjunction?" asked the teacher.

"That which joins together," was the prompt reply.

"Give an illustration," said the teacher.

The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed.

"The marriage service," she said at last.

—*Chicago Post*.

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WIFE: How do you like my new hat?

HUSBAND: The idea of paying big prices for—

"Big prices! Why, I made it myself."

"Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!"—*New York Weekly*.

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ANXIOUS FATHER (from top of stairs): Say, Mary Jane!

MARY JANE: Yes, papa.

"Is it eleven o'clock yet?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, give the young man my compliments, and ask him to kindly close the front door from the outside."

—*Chicago Daily News*.

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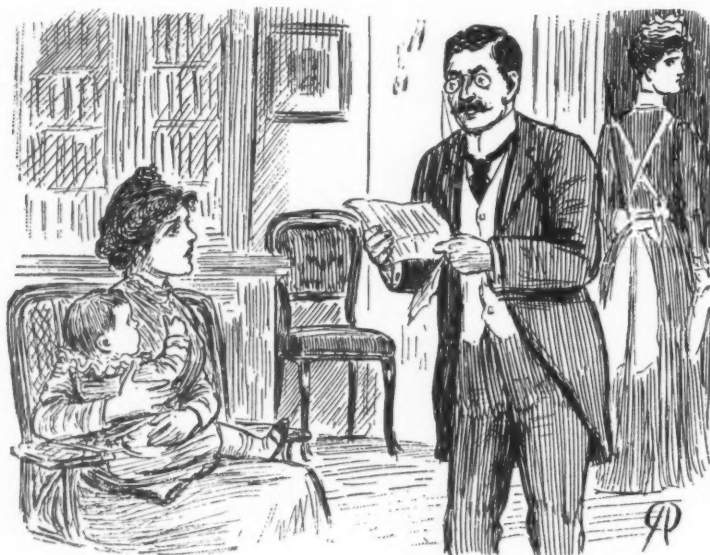
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She: OH! GEORGE, FOR GOODNESS SAKE BURN THE TELEGRAM AT ONCE! GEORGIE MIGHT CATCH IT.
 —Moonshine.

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